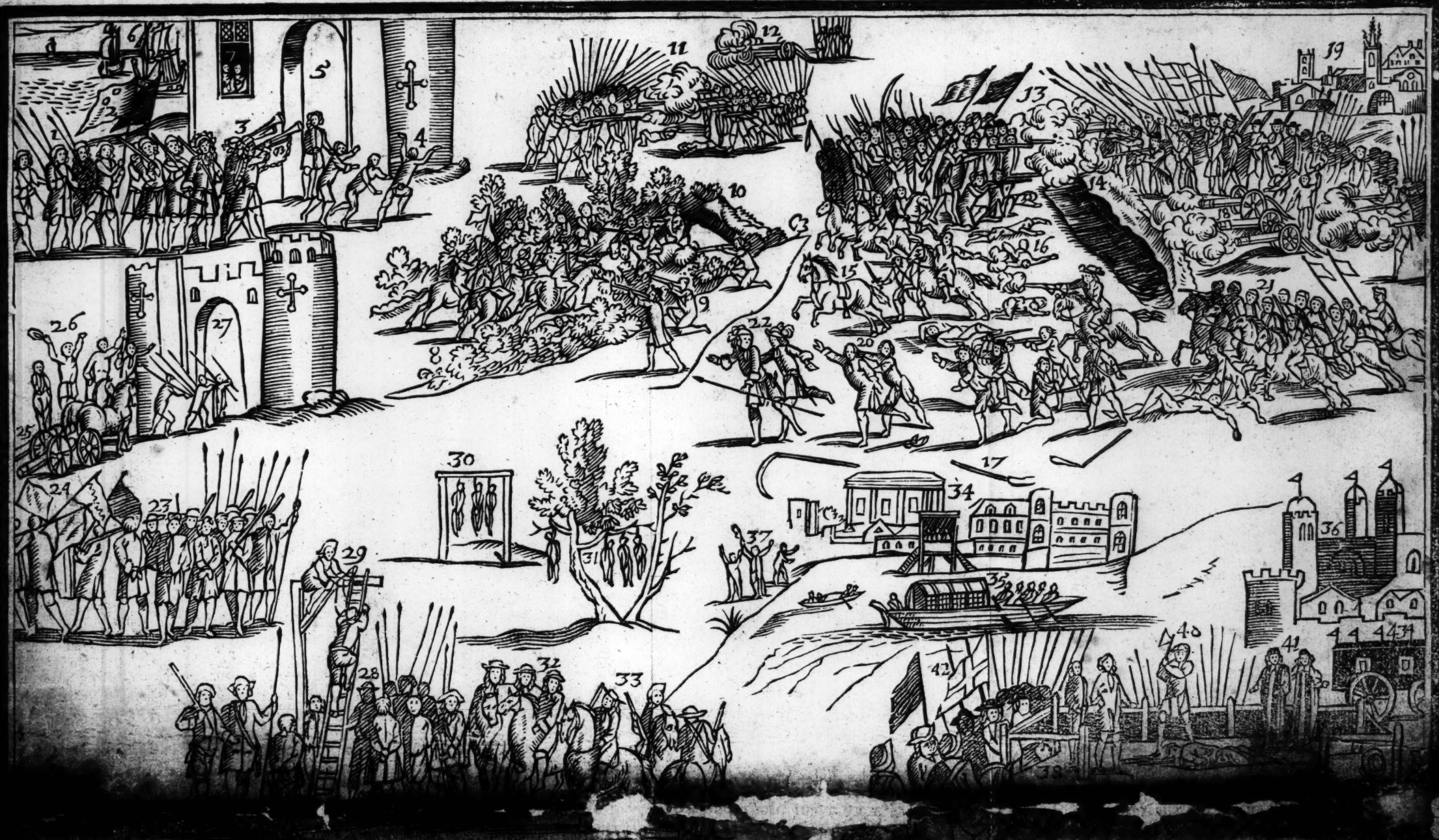


A Description of the late Rebellion in the WEST; A HEROICK POEM.

10. Sept. 1685.



FROM *Belgia's* shore, with a pretended claim
On *June's* eleventh in three small Vessels came,
(Though fatal to him in a fatal Time)
The Traytor *MONMOUTH* and surprized *Lyme*;
1th *West* of *England*, whence o'th' fourteenth day,
He marched with all his Rebel Rout away
Part of which fell on *Bridport* and their shed
The Blood of Loyallists, but were repaid,
With tripple Deaths, there Rebel Blood first stain'd,
The guiltless Ground there Loyalty first gain'd.
A lucky vantage, seven were kill'd outright,
Twenty three Prisoners, made the rest by Flight,
Scatt'ring their Arms, to their main Strength retreat,
And the sad Tale of their Defeat relate.
No sooner news of this *Rebellious* Crew,
To our dread Monarch and his Senate flew,
On *Fames* swift Wings, but an Attaindure's laid
Gainst *MONMOUTH* and upon his Rebel Head
Five thousand pounds to bring him alive or dead.
When worthy *Monaux* on *June's* nineteenth day
With twenty Horse the Rebels did dismay,
Killing them twelve, though in the valiant strife,
Death (still the Brave's worst Foe) surpriz'd his Life:
But unrevenged he did not long remain
Brave *Oglethorp's* Commanded Troops distain
Canisbam's Bridge with eighty Rebels slain
Whilst bold *Trevanion Lyme's* Recovery wrought,
With th' Arms and Powder which the Rebels brought,
And noble *Pembroke* entred factious *Frome*,
Scatt'ring the Rabble that were thither come;
Took the Ring-leader and made him recant
The Trayterous Declaration he durst plant,
Up in the Market-place and Traytor own,
MONMOUTH to be who had such mischief done.
Soon after thrice renowned *Feverham*
Near to the Town call'd *Phillips-Norton* came
Where leading on the Rebels flank'd the Lane.
Yet Hero like undaunted *Grafton* made
A brave attempt and beat their Ambuscade,
Speaking in Thunder his unshaken sence

Of Loyalty and Justice to his Prince;
Whilst from the Hill the loud mouth'd Cannons bent
Against the Foe, their Globes of Ruin sent:
Wing'd with swift Death, which made them soon remove,
Not longer daring such destruction prove:
But fearful of approaching Fate retire,
Before those Swords that spoke a Monarchs Ire.
And passing many Towns, at last they came,
To *Wells* so known for it *Cathedrals* fame:
Which impiously with Sacrilegious Hands,
Fit for all horrid Mischiefe these black Bands
Rifl'd and such base outrages commit,
As if they had been born the Sons of Spite:
Which done to *Glassenbury* strait they drew,
From thence to *Bridgwater* and there make shew,
As if they meant to fortify the Town,
But now the fatal time came swiftly on,
To which *Rebellions* Punishment was due
On *July's* fifth, when the bright Sun withdrew
And o're the World sad night her Mantle threw,
In Darkness suiting with their Deeds the Rout,
From all their Quarters silently drew out,
With an inglorious purpose to surprize
The Royal Army, but those wakeful eyes,
Under so great a Charge, no slumber brook,
But instantly the hot alarm took.
And now no more but *Neptune's* silver Hair,
Parting the threatening Fronts of cruel War;
The Leaden Thunderbolts on Lightnings Wing,
A swift Destruction to the Rebels bring.
Not able to withstand those juster Arms,
Their Horse affrighted, fly the fierce Alarms:
In much Disorder before every Charge,
And o're the field disperse themselves at large:
Leaving the Foot, who faintly stood a while,
But broken by the Horse they soon Recoile.
MONMOUTH himself, *GRET's* fortune follow strait;
With thirty Horse betaking him to flight
Whilst one the plain the slaughter'd Rabble lye
And stain the Grass with a *Rebellious* dye.

Those that escap'd the field for safety sought,
By wretched flight but that small safety wrought
Heav'n had decreed to punish their bold guilt
And on their Heads, revenge the Blood they spilt;
Two thousand Lives they paid upon the place
And most that fled were taken in the Chace.
So *July's* happy sixth their ruin view'd,
Saw them intirely broken and subdued;
On some of them the Martial Law took place,
And made them know what 'twas the Nation Peace.
In such wild lawless Tumults to molest
Whilst other Laws prepar'd to try the rest:
And now the happy Victory being known,
To Troops on divers Posts their care was shown:
In seizing all suspicious Travellers,
When near *Holt-Lodge* some Troopers nnawars
Seiz'd on the late Lord *GRET* with him his Guide
Who vainly sought a refuge where to hide.
On *July's* Eight *MONMOUTH* was likewise found
Hid in a Ditch inclosing *Ferne* Ground;
With him the *Brandenburg* on whom a Guard,
Was strongly plac'd which instantly prepar'd;
To bring them to *Whitehall* who there with *GRET*,
Arriv'd secure on *July's* thirteenth day;
Thence to the *Tower* they in a Barge were row'd
Whilst on each shore stood the rejoycing Croud
Clapping their Hands to see the Punishment
Fall upon those that others Ruins meant.
MONMOUTH upon Attaindure being doom'd,
His Treasons need no more on Life presum'd:
But on the fifteenth day being brought upon
A Mourning Stage, and there his Crimes made known;
Expressing Sorrow for the wrong he did
To his dread Sovereign and the Blood he shed,
Submitted patiently and lost his Head:
Which in a Coffin with his body laid
A Hearse to their Interment them convey'd.
So fell *Rebellion* and so fall it still,
So fare it with all those that dare Rebel.

FINIS.

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